FEED THIS FRENZY !

Fall into the frenzy fall into sin. It's time to bite the big one, the flesh-ripping final orgasm before you fade back into the genetic structure. Soon there will be Big Rallies to make you foam at the mouth, the Voice of paranoia whispered in your ear by Senator Charlie, and Machine Sex if you have the money. Get in orbit for ringside seats to the End O' World. SHARKBAIT pounds out the throb of the helpless victim, AND of the closing predator!
Death to Jesse Helms!
Feast.

If you like this record, please spread the word. If you can offer assistance, distribution, disquieting remarks, contact SHARKBAIT now:

c/o GLADYS PEARCE RECORDS
366 Pennsylvania Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94107
415-550-6744

RADIO: Please send playlists. Contact for interviews live shows.

PRINT: If you are going to review this album, please contact us about possible advertising.

NO SURRENDER NO REMORSE NO SURVIVORS

SHARKBAIT gathers for the hunt in the open glare of the stage lights, searching for the moment to lunge and begin the frenzy that leads to revelations. Assaulted appliances, broken glass, and dented ventilator shafts litter the stage and are bathed in the acid tongue of projected slides and film loops, creating the visceral sensation of some forgotten, tribal ritual resurfacing through the melding of man and machine.

SHARKBAIT is the sound of a thousand year-old drum beating to a synthesized voice box croaking in the corner as the click of the deadbolt slides home.

SHARKBAIT is the snap of steel cable, the shriek of falling steel plate, the cry of the pedestrians, the panic of high heels, the terror-eyed faces, crunching bone. Bald tires screeching through the human grease . . .

SHARKBAIT waits
ever in the deep subterranean
trenches in the moist
forgotten shelf
even in the warm
languid shallows searching
for that fresh fish kiss
fixing me
frying me
telephone wire me
necktie me
down . . .

SHARKBAIT is a noise ensemble dedicated to indeterminate performances.

Charlie Beer: Drinking songs, bass guitar, Revox tape machine, whipping cream.

Mr. Sea Tea: Guitar hero, No-fret bass, chum calls, rock riffs.

Malibu: Surfboard, blonde hair, railroad tie, ventilator shaft, sampling machine, sax.

Chicken: Tapes, Usurpaphone, good taste.

## INDUSTRIAL DEAD.

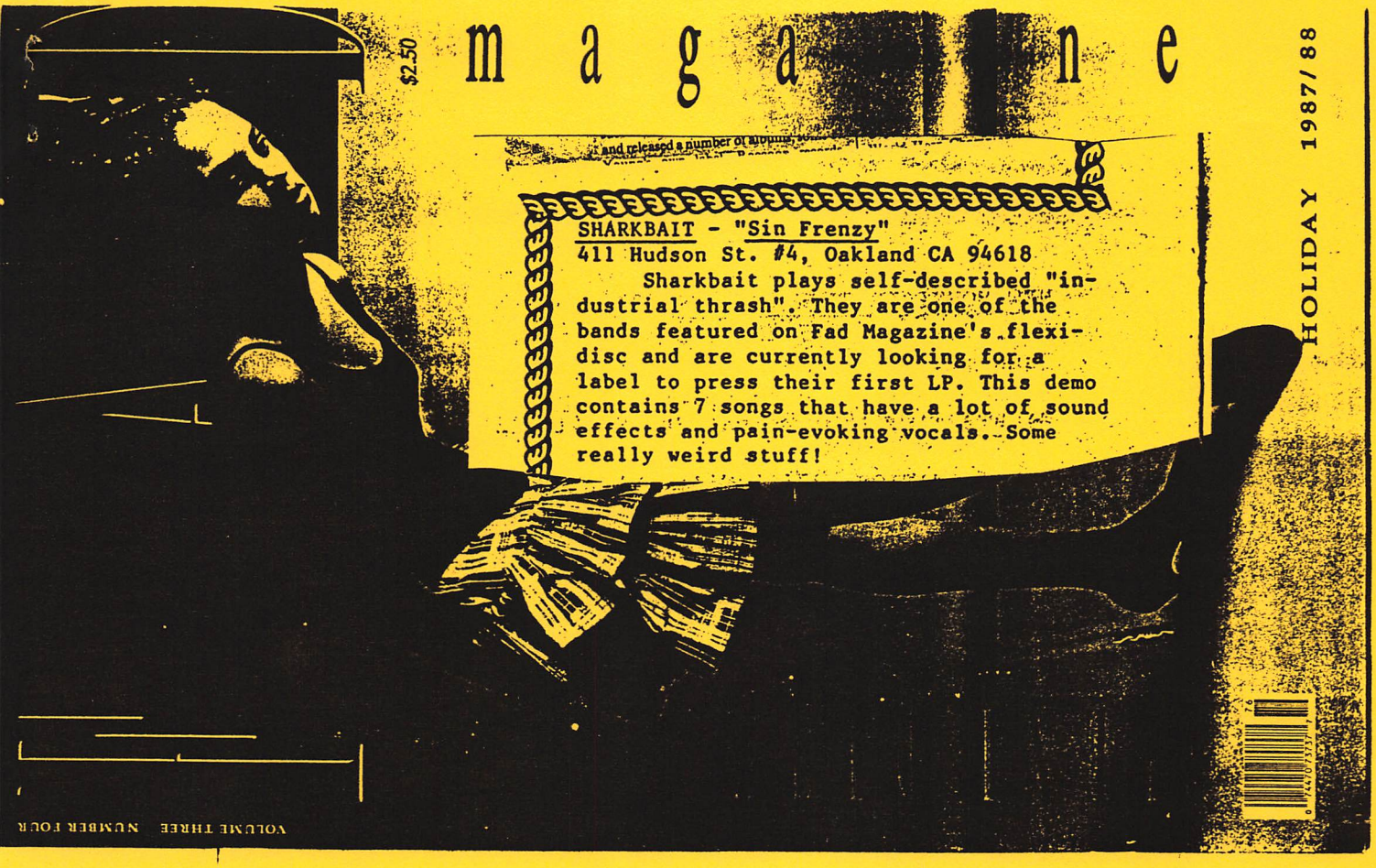
Sharkbait / Systems Collapse.
The Music Works, 4./15/88.

This was billed as industrial waste night at the Music Works. Sharkbait gave a riveting performance complete with chains and whips. When I saw all these pieces of metal and contraptions on stage, I thought, "What the hell is this?" And when they were finished, I though, "Yeah, hell music!" Nervous, shieking guitar and metal, pounding tom-toms and bass, sociopathic ravings about having sex with machines. I think this is rock and roll for the 21st century, which means it's more entertaining than today's retreaded posers. Hey guys, how about some talking in tongues for D.D.? [illegible] slaughtered on like [illegible] a fight so

The Beatnigs / MCM and the Monster / Sharkbait.
The Kennel Club 1/17/88

Sharkbait started off the evening with an explosive set that reminded me of a car crash (which one of their songs seemed to be about): screeching tires, paniced disorientation, the smack of metal on metal, and then that feeling of, "What hit me?" Three guys and one girl. Swirls of guitar, scratched tape(?!?), railing voices, all framed with primal drums and percussion. They finished with a crunching song about Charlie Manson, which included throwing some old tape deck playing a recording of him off the stage. A twenty minute set, the perfect staple for this television society.

MCM and the Monster were next. Sandwitching a white rap band between two industrial band was actually a good [illegible] It gave your [illegible]




**Sharkbait: No Surrender. No Remorse. No Survivors.**

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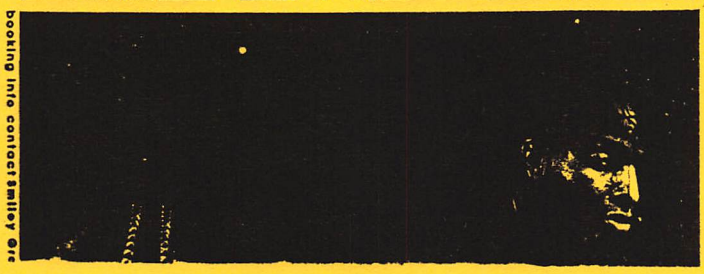
LEE- MARIE RIVERA of SCAB on 100 Seconds photo - T. Leach



# X

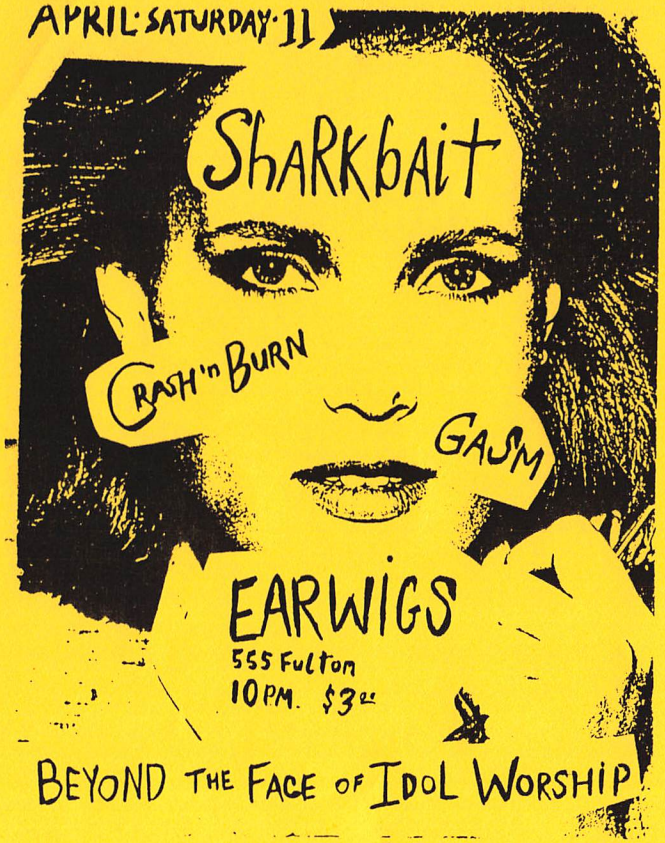
**Dexter DeVoe.**

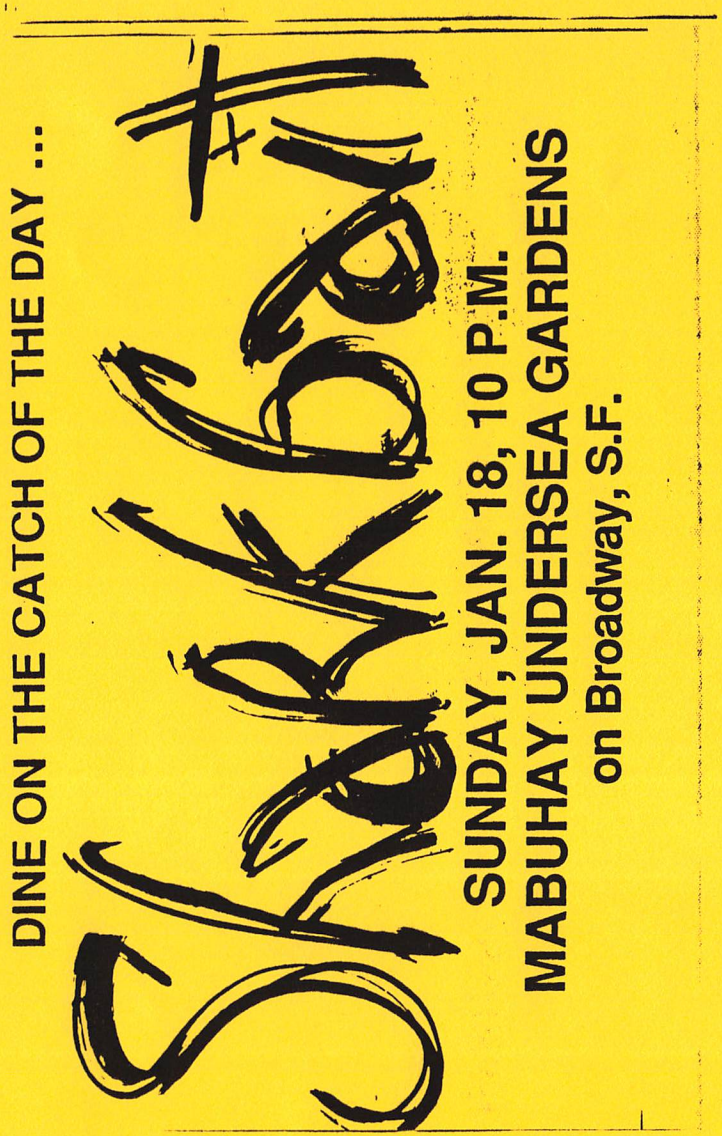
bookings info contact smiley arc

# BLAK £1TE

*TWENTY YEARS LATER there is a great deal of talk of how visionary, magical and bold the sixties were. A complete renaissance of artistic expression and thought. An awakening of our best ideals. The New York*

*BLC- The sixties was such a creative explosion that somebody should re-explore it. It's good to re-explore something that happened so quickly and was such a complete revolution in art and music, sensibility and politics. What we liked about the sixties was that bands had good songs. It*




Sharkbait
Nightbreak, 9/12/87

I don't know how many times I've gone into Night break on a Sunday and seen a band on stage that no one paid attention to. Sharkbait is one of the few I've seen that made everyone forget what they were drinking. First they do a dime-store version of Pink Floyd with brown butcher paper stretched across the stage. Creepy, scratchy recording of Winston Churchell. Shadows of people moving, film loops and slides splayed across the paper. A knife slices through: screams, a kick drum and alarm bell begin pounding out a beat. Charlie Beer, lead screamer, busts through the paper and starts shouting that he's the voice of crime coming to get me. People are looking a bit uneasy. Where's the death rock beat? The necessary angst? Then they announce it's the end of the world and will provide the theme music. Killer instramental with required Hendrix guitar solo, complete with firecrackers. So you want to know what's cool? Reel to Reel tape scratching, that's what. Surfs up, people!

Ten Tall Men slammed right into their straight ahead, if not quirky, set of